

FACTS, FICTION AND FANCIES OF INTEREST TO WASHINGTON WOMEN

Helene's Married Life

By May Christie
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X—"A Phantom Cart in the Night."

I awoke on the morning following my extraordinary adventures to a new, radiant world. The sun was shining through the lace curtains of my window making cheerful patterns on the floor and walls.

In the distance, from the home-farm, came the lowing of the cows. The victorious crowing of a rooster, too, struck a safe, reassuring note. Coarse all the happenings of yesterday have been but the figments of my own imagination?

I slipped out of bed, donned some slippers and the blue Japanese kimono, drew aside the curtains, and surveyed the new day.

But what a difference! Last night, from this very window, I had watched two men carry a human figure from the house and smuggle it through the shadows to a covered cart. The incident had held for me a sinister significance. I had been afraid.

But today no sign of last night's deed was visible. Upon the contrary, the morning was bright and cheerful. The morning sun was glittering on the lawn, and every little blade of grass held a dew-drop frosty as a diamond.

I flung my window up and took a long, deep breath of air. Surely the blessed sunlight and the sweet country sights and sounds would clear the cobwebs from my brain! It was a fresh, breezy morning, full of enchantment—an unwritten page of life.

"Helene, dear girl, are you awake?" A quick knock came at the door. Then it opened and Alice's fair head was thrust through the aperture. "May I come in?"

I turned, surprised. For Alice is notoriously sleepy-headed. It was not yet eight o'clock. What could have made her rise so early?

"Of course, come in. I'm glad to see you." Forgetting the injury she had done me, I momentarily forgot. "Aren't you afraid of catching cold?"

Alice—enveloped in a quilted dressing-gown—shivered.

"Yes. Shut the window, Helene. It's a bit chilly." Then she added, smiling patronizingly:

"You always were a fresh-air fiend!"

She climbed straightaway into my empty bed, and drew the eider-down about her, hunching up her knees in a childish attitude. She looked so young, so innocent, so simple—and so sweet! No wonder men believed in her!

"What a ghastly evening it was last night!" She pouted petulantly. "Don't you agree?"

I did, indeed. For a moment, my natural feminine instinct was to tell Alice of the sinister events that had occurred almost immediately below my window last night! But I controlled the impulse, thinking that, after all—Travis Lloyd, the owner of this house, was the proper person for my confidence.

"I had confoundedly bad luck at cards," went on Alice, frowning. "Do you know, Helene, that I lost thirty pounds last night?"

"Oh, Alice!" I remonstrated, "why on earth will you play for money?"

"Excitement," she said briefly. "I

The Head Nurse

Watch Germ Diseases.

This is the season for the infectious fevers, scarlet fever, chicken pox, measles, etc., and the yellow labels of the Board of Health are seen on many homes. A member of the household comes home with a chill, fever, nervous symptoms, nausea and vomiting. Put him to bed in the most isolated room in the house and send for the doctor. If no trained nurse is employed the duties of the home nurse will include the following: Have a large apron and cap to wear while in the room. Immerse a sheet dipped in a solution of carbolic acid (carbolic one, to water twenty parts) over the door of the bedroom. Rinse all dishes and articles used by patient in the carbolic solution before removing from room.

All medicines will be ordered by the physician, and it is the nurse's duty to follow directions implicitly. Keep the patient quiet to prevent strain on the heart. Spray nose and throat with listerine if no specific spray is ordered. This may prevent middle ear disease. If the case is scarlet fever, give water freely to flush kidneys. Keep room well ventilated and temperature of room 65 degrees. There is less danger of infection to others during the onset of the disease than later when "scaling" begins.

Anoint the body daily with an antiseptic oil which soothes the skin and prevents the scales blowing about. Even if the patient has a so-called light attack, the germ may produce a fatal case in the next patient, so everything possible must be done to prevent its getting to others. If no particular diet is ordered the following will probably be approved by the physicians—milk, koumiss, junket, fruit juices, gruel, raw white of egg shaken up in milk or fruit juice. Place all clothing in a wash boiler with soap and boil before trying to wash or before sending to laundry.

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BEAUTIES OF ALL NATIONS

SENIORITAS ARE BEWITCHING



TORTOLA VALENCIA

The dance, clicking heels, swirling scarfs, smiling lips hid behind tantalizing fans—all these are called up by mention of the beauties of old Spain. Black, flashing eyes are usually thought of, too, but black eyes and hair are not universal, as supposed. The eyes flash, but are much more often brown, with soft brown hair to match. In the northern provinces of Spain beauties are often seen among the beauties.

Miss Tortola Valencia, a Spanish beauty, shows the charming characteristics that link the ladies of Spain with the romance, poetry and literature of the world. Vivacity and amiability of expression are enhanced by a smooth, creamy skin, with brilliantly red cheeks. This lovely skin is retained by Spanish women even through middle age and into old age. Physically, the women of Spain are long-lived, healthy, vigorous and well-developed. They are generally of middle height and are especially renowned for their graceful carriage and the beauty of their feet and ankles.

HOROSCOPE.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1920.
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This is not a fortunate day, according to astrology. Although Mars is in benefic aspect early in the morning, Neptune and the Sun are adverse.

It is a most unfavorable aspect for army men who aspire to promotion or to honors, but for all others the signs seem to be promising.

There is a most auspicious way for military organizations, especially for engineers, to proceed.

Construction of all sorts is subject to a lucky direction of the stars. Many important buildings will be begun and among them will be one that becomes world famous, the seers foretell.

During this rule the positive forces are supposed to be very strong, but they may be misdirected.

They who seek support in any enterprise should not risk their chances by approaching either the rich or the powerful today.

Neptune is in a place supposed to breed suspicion and to encourage treachery.

This is not a happy day for any who carries heavy responsibilities and for this reason men foremost in politics or business should move cautiously in whatever they undertake.

It is not a lucky day for starting on journeys, and those with business intent may be peculiarly unfortunate.

Again much agitation over religious tenets is indicated and there may be certain persecution practiced in certain quarters.

While the mental chaos of the world is reflected in physical conditions, astrologers declare that men and women should do their utmost to cultivate calm and peace.

Fear will gain power at this time, according to the seers, for it will be sown in seditious propaganda. It will take the form of one of confidence in national institutions and may even affect the banks of the country.

Persons whose birthdate it is have a busy but rather perplexing year before them. Change is probable.

Children born on this day may be proud and difficult to manage, but active and very persevering.

Excellent Advice

By DOROTHY DIX,
Highest-paid Woman Writer.

Talking Shop to Wife Depends On Individual.

The question of how much a man should tell his wife about his business affairs is one that must be settled individually. It depends upon the husband, the wife, and the business. It is one of the things for which there is no rule, and forty exceptions.

Of course, off hand, it would seem that the logical and proper thing for the husband to do would be to make his wife his business confidante, and talk over with her all of the details of his affairs. To begin with she is his partner, and next, she is the prosperity of his store or office as he is.

In the second place if she knows just how her husband's business is conducted, she can help him to make by which to gauge her own expenditures. Undoubtedly the great majority of women who ruin their husbands' financial affairs do so through ignorance and not intent. They know nothing of his business, and have no idea as to his income.

Still another reason for a man telling his wife all about his business affairs is that it gives them an excellent topic for real heart to heart talks. The main trouble with domesticity is that after a couple have got into the habit of talking, they have nothing to say to each other. But any man can talk shop till the cows come home, and if he finds in his wife a sympathetic and interested listener who is just as much thrilled over a good purchase of salt cod fish as a real estate deal as he is, why, they have got that which makes them fascinatingly interesting to each other in the end of it.

Moreover, in such conversations success is often born. In thrashing out a problem with his wife in the quiet hours at home a man often finds his own idea, or lends him on to fortune and fame, or it may be, as it often is, that some intuition of his wife clears an obscure point to him, and it is certain that the interest her chief in him, her enthusiasm for the fire of his own ambition, and keep him tuned up to fighting pitch.

The logic of the situation seems to indicate that a husband should freely discuss all of his business affairs with his wife, but in deciding matrimonial problems you have to consider the personal equation into consideration, and as Mr. Perlmutter would wisely observe, "that's another thing altogether yet, Mawruss."

There are women who have a hollow in their heads where the sense of business sense should be, women who never can be taught which is the business end of a check and who believe that a husband should tell him everything they know.

"I concentrate every particle of intelligence I've got on the problems I have to solve, but when I shut down my desk at night I lock them up in it, and I try not to think of them again until the next day. I want to give my mind that much time to clear, so that I come back with a fresh viewpoint to them. If, when I go home, I have to go over with my wife every detail, recalling every annoyance, recalling the memory of every unpleasant thing that has happened, I get myself so worked up that I don't sleep, and I am unprepared to take up the burden next day. I want my home to be a place of rest, relaxation, change—an annex to the shop."

And there you are. And each man must decide the question according to his own temperament.

Virginia Lee's Personal Answers To Herald Readers' Questions

Seats have ears we're often told, and so have those who occupy them. In other words, I overheard a conversation on the street car the other day, though I don't feel a bit like an eavesdropper. A woman was saying she did not expect any man to offer her a seat on a crowded car and would refuse such an offer. She cited the women's movement toward equalization in politics and business world as the foundation for the stand she was taking.

As a matter of fact, women don't really expect to have such a courtesy extended to them. When a man offers his seat to a woman on the street car now she seems a trifle startled at first and usually accepts his offer with profuse thanks. Whether her surprise is due to the fact that she recognizes the possible effect this woman's platform may have upon such things, or if men's gradual dropping away from the chivalry of the past has been accepted by her as something inevitable, I do not know.

Personally, while I have my own opinion as to the correct thing to be done, I suppose we will all agree that it is entirely the man's affair whether or not he relinquishes his seat to a lady. However, no man can even claim to be a gentleman who intentionally pushes a woman aside in order that he may be the first on a car, or the one to gain a coveted seat.

His excuse can not be that the women of today deserve such treatment since they wish to be placed on an equal footing with men. He would not dare treat an American man in that fashion.

Taking His Arm.

Dear Miss Lee: Is it right for a girl to take a boy's arm when he is escorting her home under the following conditions? The other night a young man was bringing me home, and he did not take my arm. It was very nice to look at him, and he was very kind, but he does not take a girl's arm because he thinks it is a girl's place to take his arm, and he wishes to know in everything, and that it is all right with him if one wishes to take his arm.

It was perfectly all right for you to take the young man's arm. His ideas about girls are rather eccentric, yet they have a pretty good foundation. A woman always speaks first unless they are old friends and the greeting is simultaneous. Then, too, many girls prefer the custom of taking the man's arm along dark or slippery places.

Washing Spots.

Dear Miss Lee: Will you please tell me how to wash a pair of spots without allowing them to shrink—Curly.

Spots of poor quality will not wash without shrinking a great deal. With the better qualities there is little danger, however. Wash the spots in warm suds, either in a basin as you would wash any clothing or spread out on a board and scrub with a brush. Rinse well and dry between their natural shape on a paper or towel. Pull them frequently, especially along the seams, to bring them to the regular size. It is advisable to have the poorer grade of spots cleaned by professionals.

Mint Candies.

Dear Miss Lee: Please print a recipe for mint candies—R. S.

I have the two following recipes for mint candies: For peppermint use the following ingredients: One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup boiling water, six drops oil of peppermint. Put sugar and water into a granite saucepan and stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil ten minutes.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Facts about your name; its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; its significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

By MILDRED MARSHALL

AURORA.

A very unusual name and yet one extremely prevalent in European countries, whence it has penetrated into America. It signifies "the dawn," since Aurora was the mythological personification of the break of day. Her name comes from aurum (gold) because of the golden sheaths before the dawn appears in all legends and was attached by the Greeks to their goddess of the sun, whose rosy fingers unbarred the gates of day.

For the fashion, Aurora came into favor with the fair dames of France and has ever since continued in vogue there. Occasionally, it passed into Germany, where the first famous woman of that name was Aurora von Klemmensee, mother of Marshall Saxe. In Lydia, both the dawn and the proper name were called Zorah, as a mark of endearment, Zorah.

Aurora has persisted in spite of the canon prohibiting the giving of the names of heathen gods in baptism. Like most mythological characters, she is a Latin divinity since Latin names were used throughout Europe and only comparatively modern criticism has endeavored to distinguish between myths of the Greek and Latin races. Most mythological names including Aurora, have their vogue in France and England, which are most under the dominance of fancy with regard to names.

While no verses of note have been addressed direct to Aurora, she is a favorite subject with the poets who find her personification much more fanciful and romantic than the more word "dawn." She is poetically represented as rising out of the ocean in a chariot with rosy fingers dripping dew. Keats was specially fond of referring to Aurora, and any rate the loved Zoroaster made frequent mention of her.

Aurora's jewel is the chrysolite, "the chrysolite of sunrise," wrote Shelley. To wear it, the poet says, the amber gem should be set in gold. It has the power of dispelling evil spirits if worn on the left arm. When dreamed of, it signifies "caution necessary." Aurora's lucky day is Monday and 5 is her mystic number.

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HERE'S AN OLD GAME MADE NEW

One phase of an evening's pleasure on St. Valentine's Day may be a game borrowed from the book of childhood. It might be called an identification contest. At any rate the guests must find articles placed about a room to define certain questions or phrases presented to them by the hostess.

Preparation for this requires a selection of articles placed in the room, each with a red heart pasted upon it. When the guests are started on their hunt, armed with a paper upon which the listed questions, they are told that everything in the room which is adorned with a red heart is an answer to one of the questions.

The one who correctly answers the greatest number of these questions may be given an award—a tiny Cupid doll, or a miniature bow and arrow wound with strips of red and gold tissue paper.

Suggested questions and answers to start the list may be:

Something taken from you before you have it—a photograph.

An antique—an old-fashioned flat-iron.

A gift from Bermuda—an onion.

A striking resemblance—a mirror.

Always out at night—a candle.

Loved by none—an alarm clock.

We want to meet again—a pair of pointed scissors.

Memories of other days—a 1919 calendar.


THE GREEN SHOES

Nancy and Nick, the twins, rushed off to the chestnut tree as soon as the dew was dry on the grass. They were anxious to see the magical mushroom again, and find out what it meant by talking of green shoes.

Sure enough there it was tucked away safely behind the stone where they had left it, and beside it were two pairs of the queerest little green shoes you can imagine.

"Good morning, children!" said the mushroom. "I'm glad you came early. Now sit down and listen carefully to what I'm going to tell you."

"I have an idea that it isn't going to be easy to find that monkey of yours. It may take days and days, and so to make things a little



"Good morning, children," said the mushroom. "I'm glad you came so early."

easier for you I'm going to be sort of a fairy godmother. Now to begin, suppose you try on those green shoes and see if they fit."

Nancy and Nick slipped off their sandals and put on the funny shoes. They couldn't have fit better if the store man himself had tried them on.

"That's splendid!" said the mushroom after the twins had stamped around awhile. "Now, Nancy, suppose you pick me up and put me in your pocket. There! That's the way!"

And although the mushroom could not be seen any more its voice was as clear as ever to the children's great surprise.

"As long as you are careful of me," it went on, "you can understand what everything says, animals, trees, flowers, toys, everything in the world. And when you have your green shoes on you can go anywhere you wish or be any size you choose. But I can't tell you where to go. You must choose your own way of hunting Jocko."

"Hadden't we better be starting now?"

SHE WOULD SHARE HER SUPPER WITH THE HUNGRY CHILDREN

"I'd like my daddy to tell the poor, little children that I wish I could give them some of my supper, but they're so far away."

This is what Ellen Wilson McAdoo, granddaughter of the President, said to her father, William G. McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury, when he told her about the plight of those other little children, not so very different from her, in Central Europe today.

CHILDREN'S SUNRISE STORIES

UNCLE WIGGILY AND SAMMIE'S PAW WARMER.

By HOWARD R. GARIS

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Littell, the rabbit lady, as she looked from the window of the burrow house one day. "There it is, snowing again."

"Well, does that do any harm?" asked Uncle Wiggily, who had just finished reading the paper, while Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy had made the beds and washed the dishes to help Mrs. Littell with the housework.

"No harm, especially," said Mrs. Littell, "except I need some things from the store and I can't go out and get them in the snow. But if you will get your auto ready, Uncle Wiggily, I'll write out a list of what I want."

Just as Uncle Wiggily was ready to start off in his machine, and when it was snowing harder than ever, the white flakes coming down just like feathers out of a brass bed, Sammie, the rabbit boy, climbing home from school, "Why are you back so early, Sammie?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I had my lessons extra good, so the lady mouse teacher let me go," Sammie answered.

"What are you going to do, Uncle Wiggily?" he wanted to know.

"To the store to get some things for your mother, Sammie, my boy," answered the bunny uncle gentleman.

"Oh, may I come?" begged Sammie.

The trick—just a common red one such as you see in walls or houses—was soon heated on the back part of the stove. Then Nurse Jane took it in a piece of old carpet and put it into the bottom of the auto.

"That will keep your paws warm, Sammie," she said. "And Uncle Wiggily's also."

With a chug-chug-chug-chug started the auto, taking Sammie and Uncle Wiggily and the paw warmer with it over the ice and snow, through the woods and over the fields.

Now, as it happened, the unpleasant old Skeeticks was out that day, looking for souse. He wandered around over the fields, and soon he saw the marks left in the snow by Uncle Wiggily's auto wheels.

"Oh, ha! Now for some souse!" said the bad chap. He followed along after the auto, coming nearer and nearer until he saw it at the top of a hill, just ahead of him.

And as it happened, the paper Mrs. Littell had given Uncle Wiggily, to tell him what to get from the store—this paper had blown out of the auto and it now lay on top of a pile of snow.

"Oh, ho! What have we here?" gurgled the Skee, as he picked up the paper. And when he read such things as "sugar," "cocoanut," "chocolate," and "raisins," the Skee smacked his lips and cried:

"Oh, I'll have a lot of good things to go with Uncle Wiggily's souse!"

Then he chased faster after the auto, and all at once Sammie looked back and saw the bad chap jumping along.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! Look!" cried Sammie.

"We must get away from him!" shouted the bunny, and he turned on more molasses—I mean gasoline.

"Stop! Stop!" cried the Skee. "I want some sugar, cocoanut and chocolate with your souse," for the bad chap thought all those good things on the list were now in the auto, while as a matter of fact they had not yet been bought at the store.

But did Uncle Wiggily stop? Indeed he did not! He sent the auto on faster and faster, but still the Skee hobbled along also, and, looking back, Sammie said:

"Oh, he's going to get us, Uncle Wiggily. But I know how to fool him. My paws are warm enough now. I'll let him have the hot brick!"

"Now, drive on, Uncle Wiggily!" he said, and he saw Sammie, and the bunny did. Soon he reached the store, and when he couldn't find the list of things he wanted, he just telephoned back to Mrs. Littell, who told him everything. And the Skee was so kerosolatered by the steam from the paw warmer that he didn't try to stop the bunny on the way home.

Thus everything was serene, as the Moon Man said.

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REMODELING A WIFE

A Story of Married Life Where the Husband Would Be a Creator

By MILDRED K. BARBOUR.

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XXIII—Durand Intervenes.

At breakfast next morning Doris showed no trace of the stormy evening. Her cheeks were flushed with the happiness that follows the restoration of domestic peace and she wore her prettiest, crispest morning frock.

Her mother-in-law eyed her a trifle curiously.

"You're looking full of pep today, young lady. Is it the prospect of that gallop I've heard Margaret talking about?"

"I'm afraid it won't be much of a gallop," laughed Doris. "Ambling is more my speed." She glanced apprehensively at her husband; she knew he disapproved of slang for women despite Uncle's picturesque vocabulary which she took delight in flaunting in her brother's face. But Carrington was deep in the morning paper and gave no sign of having heard.

Doris caught the look and interpreted it.

"I wonder if he bullies her?" he thought. "He's just enough of a young fool to try to dominate on his wife, and if she doesn't cave, he'll cave. No wonder, except Anne Fullerton, could stand up before Stew."

"Oh, by the way," he said aloud, following up his train of thought, "have you met my friend, 'Sister Anne' yet?"

"No. Who is she?" Doris wrinkled her small nose enquiringly.

"The best sport in the world," declared Carrington, "and she's a beauty."

"Everybody's crazy about her, except Stew, here. He doesn't like her because she laughs at him. Jove, how that woman can take him off!" he chuckled merrily.

"What do you mean?" queried Doris.

"Oh, give a burlesque of that high-toned-of-creation manner of his. Stew's a blamed good sport—sometimes—but Anne does get his goat."

"I think she must be very ill-bred," began Doris primly in total defense of her husband, but remembering Margaret's "suggestion" she broke off suddenly.

"Well, you'll meet her at the feed Margaret's giving you people tomorrow night. No Durand dinner would be complete without Anne. She's ugly as original sin, but when she talks, nobody listens to Alethea Stevenson's purring."

Immediately Doris knew that she was going to like Anne. Her mother-in-law stood at Doris' side. "Mrs. Durand says she has ordered the motor for 9:30, and will you be ready?"

"Oh, yes," Doris spoke up with unfinished breakfast, lest Margaret be kept waiting. "We're going shopping for a riding habit," she explained to Durand, as she excused herself.

"Good-bye, dearest," she paused, expectantly before her husband's chair. With one eye on the leading editorial, Stew, she kissed her somewhat absently. The tenderness in her eyes and his wistful gesture as he laid her soft fingers in a fleeting caress against Stew's cheek went to Durand's heart.

"Conceited fish!" he muttered into his coffee cup.

"Did you say something?" Carrington looked up absently.

"Nothing," answered his brother-in-law laconically. "But if my wife remembered to kiss me good-bye in the morning, she'd have a more responsible subject than you."

Carrington shrugged an upturned shoulder and went on with his editorial.

When Durand sauntered out onto the veranda Margaret and Doris were just climbing into the car.

"You don't happen to want to drop me somewhere in the vicinity of the



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